

Companions

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Summary: Scully finds comfort with an old friend.

Companions

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Summary: Scully finds comfort with an old friend.

Companions by Sheryl Martin

She sat upright in the dark room; her mouth open in a soundless cry as her groggy mind registered the fact that this was her bedroom, that she was safe.

For now.

Wiping the moisture from her face, Dana Scully took a deep breath; trying to slow her pounding heart. A small part of her wished that she had something to hold, someone to hold at times like this when the shadows moved in. Of course there had been the dog - which was now the ex-dog; thanks to Mulder and that damned alligator.

Memories of Jack Willis crowded her mind's eye for a minute; soft tender vignettes. Letting out a sigh, she wished she could call her older sister and talk into the early morning hours; like they used to. But she was dead, as was Jack; and there was no one to call.

She could call her mother. Again. But three times in one week would

worry Mom too much. Hell, it worried her too much. And you can only call friends so often. There was Mulder - but at 3:41 a.m. she didn't want to admit to him that she was awake and scared from a nightmare. Again.

Padding along the bare floor to the kitchen, the redhead poured herself a large glass of milk; carrying it back to her bedside. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she sipped the cold liquid. An idea flashed through her mind, and though part of her groaned, part of her agreed easily to the concept.

Opening the closet door, she reached for the small stool she always kept there, balancing precariously on the top as she rummaged through the top shelf for a few seconds, pulling down an old battered cardboard box. Carefully pulling the worn edges open, she reached inside to extract an old, scruffy-looking teddy bear; one eye missing from some long-ago fight and bare patches of fabric showing where the fur had worn away.

Holding it out at arms length as she hopped off the stool, she smiled as the memories flowed through her at the familiar feel and smell.

Turning the light off and closing the closet door; Dana climbed back into the bed with the bear. Reaching over with one hand to turn off the light, her fingers fell on a piece of cloth lying on the bed table.

Mulder's tie. It had been left in her car a few days ago; a late night stakeout where Mulder had tossed it nonchalantly into the back seat during his sleep break. She had been planning to take it back to him; but had managed to forget it every day this week. Not that he had mentioned it - and looking at the garish colouring and design she wondered if she wasn't doing the world a favour by keeping it out of harm's way.

With a soft chuckle she sat up; pulling it into her lap where the teddy bear sat. Carefully putting it around the one-eyed bear's neck, she skilfully did the tie up; remembering how her father used to let her do up his ties on special occasions.

Reaching over to turn off the light, she snuggled down under the covers with the bear, the tie neatly knotted to give him a regal look. Taking a deep breath, Dana smelt both the old scent of the childhood she had once had and the fresher smell of Mulder's aftershave mixed in. Closing her eyes, she fell into a deep and uninterrupted sleep; clutching the bear to her with a smile.

"You've become a world-class hopeless romantic." "Not hopeless... hopeful. A world-class hopeful romantic." Joan Wilder -- Romancing The Stone

End
file.